

VARSAITY TO MEET MANITOBA FOR MCGOUN CUP FRIDAY

Modern University Should be International Unifying Agent

Mr. J. Fisher Speaks on the Student of Mediaeval and Modern Times
PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY MEETING WEDNESDAY

The first meeting for the new year of the Philosophical Society was held in Convocation Hall, Wednesday, January 10. The president, Mr. Sonet, opened the meeting at 8:15 o'clock, and the secretary, Mr. Long, read the minutes of the previous meeting. Mr. Sonet then introduced Mr. J. Fisher, who gave an address on the student of mediaeval and modern times.

Mr. Fisher spoke fully on universities and students of the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries and up to the present time. He said that Europe was once the student's world, but now the whole world contains students. He described a university as an educational institution bound together by many ties of an international character.

The modern student is confronted with a world of business interests, and in which many new political experiments are being tried. Mr. Fisher says it is no wonder that Dr. Zimmermann and others are warning of the destruction of society; and that H. G. Wells has no hope for the world, but death and devastation. International organization is necessary to overcome our obstacles—international organization of public opinion, and therefore education.

In speaking of early universities, Mr. Fisher stated they originated in the twelfth century. The first three universities were founded at Bologna in Italy, Paris and at Oxford. The Bologna University was governed by the students, while that of Paris was governed by the masters. The universities which followed were modelled on these two.

During the fifteenth century permanent buildings were provided, but before then university meetings were held in hired rooms or in churches. There was no provision made for athletics of any kind. In some universities students were even barred from playing chess.

Some universities originated as a result of migrations. Oxford University resulted from the migration of some students from Paris. Cambridge University originated from a migration of Oxford scholars.

Modern universities should be great national unifying agencies. If modern universities were as free and independent as mediaeval universities, they could spread and share their knowledge more efficiently. The mediaeval university was an international institution with no national

ART EXHIBIT OF ORIENTAL PICTURES

Work of Miss Lillian Miller On Display in Arts Building

On display this week on the second floor of the Arts Building is a charming collection of Japanese paintings and Japanese prints from the brush of Miss Lillian Miller. The paintings are colorful, dainty and fragile.

Lillian Miller's claim to a foremost position in Korean and Japanese paintings lies in her knowledge of everyday life in Japan, and because she gives art a meaning to the poorer people of her native Tokyo. She has a memory for color, light and line, and can reproduce the scene long after she has seen it. Study of the old prints has lent vividness to her work.

It is in the making of wood-block color prints that Lillian Miller excels. The design is made by drawing the lines with a brush on thin, semi-transparent paper. This is pasted face downwards on a block of soft cherry wood. The picture is outlined with a knife—the superfluous wood is cut away. The perfect precision with which this is done leaves on the block an exact reverse of every brush stroke on the original. Proofs are then taken by hand pressure of this outline block, and these in turn are pasted on fresh blocks. The final result of this process is one block for each separate color which is employed on the print.

Her studies of Japanese life are charming; one a serious Korean gentleman dressed in the characteristic round horse-hair hat and riding on a mule, another a woman, her dress blown by the wind hanging out clothes, and others of children in colorful costumes at play.

The Plum Tree and the Red Berry Tree are two of the most decorative pieces on display; the first with its grey blue background, the jagged trunk and clusters of tiny white flowers, is a study in blues. The Red Berry Tree, with the graceful trunk and red berries, is also dainty.

In her own words, Lillian Miller says: "I am finding the great calming influence of Oriental creative art rests in the fact that it surpasses the human."

A NEW DEAL

Students of the University will be admitted free to the Intervarsity Debate, Friday, January 19, Convocation Hall, at 8:15, on presentation of their Evergreen and Gold cards at the door. If they forget their cards they will have to pay the regular adult charge of 25c. This free admission for members of the Students' Union to a student function is a new departure, and is in the nature of a significant experiment. If there is a large turnout of students at this debate, then future Intervarsity debates will be open without charge to members of the Union.

We often hear that there is a lack of Varsity spirit on our campus. Well, here is a chance to turn out and pack that hall to the ceiling without having to pay a cent admission. By crowding the hall an excellent debate is assured, because debaters receive their inspiration and enthusiasm from the audience. The larger the audience the better the debate.

Another criticism that is levelled at the Students' Union is that the average student does not get his money's worth for the twelve dollars Students' Union fee that is taken from him at registration. This large debate is being paid for by your Union fees, so you had better get your share by attending. Every student living in Edmonton should bring his parents and friends to the debate at 25c each. The paid admissions, for which a block of seats has been saved, is our only source of revenue. It is your money that is being spent, so get behind the manager and make this debate a real success.

We have learned that the subject, "Resolved that the Socialization of Industry and Finance is the Salvation of Canada," will be treated in a light and very entertaining manner by Alberta's very capable team. This evening promises to be one of the most interesting in the student calendar. Rumor has it that the University of Manitoba is sending a powerful team of witty orators to avenge their defeat at the hands of McCormick and Riley in Winnipeg last year.

Come early and help Alberta keep the McGoun Cup.

INTER-VARSITY DEBATERS



EDWARD J. MCCORMICK, B.A.

Leader of Alberta's team, is a second year Law student, who is well known as the author of "Taurus." As last year's Secretary of the Literary Society and President of Debating, he inaugurated the system of sending Varsity students to debate throughout the province. He led the debating team which was victorious in Calgary, High River and Medicine Hat. Their triumph over the University of Manitoba at Winnipeg last year helped to win the McGoun Cup for Alberta. Mr. McCormick has an unusual ability to combine eloquence with profundity of subject matter without sacrificing his sense of humor, which is the life of major debates.

GATEWAY EDITOR FOUND AT PONOKA

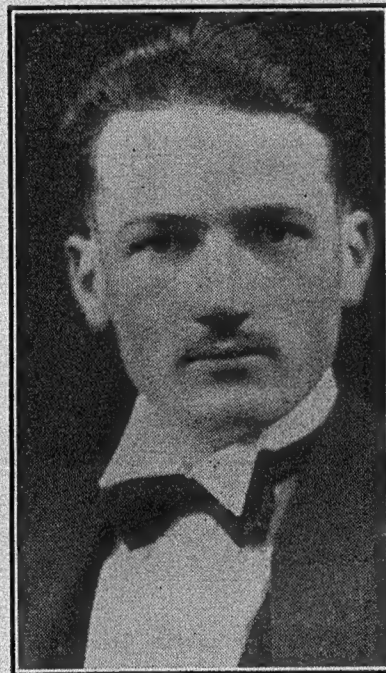
Investigation Reveals Numerous Other Patients From Varsity

It was true. Of course he had all sorts of wild excuses, but still the fact remains that he went. The night watchman saw him go. So did the milkman. The basketball team, too, journeying south on the same bus, saw him leave the vehicles. Yes, of the fact there can be little doubt—an editor of The Gateway reported to the Mental Institute a Ponoka, on Thursday.

But that is not all. Several people distinctly recall the promise he flouted to return that same evening. Misled by his self-conceit, several were half convinced though many openly scorned the possibility as ludicrous. And he did not come back—that night.

He was "detained," so his story runs, but he called it an hotel. Well, it is sort of an hotel, isn't it? To be perfectly frank, it was after two the following day before he finally did show up. We tried to pretend we had not noticed his absence, and would probably have never mentioned it, had he not obviously attempted to explain everything so nicely. Then we asked him all kinds of questions, and found out the most unexpected things. Later we checked them up, and can now vouch for the authenticity of them all.

In the first place, whom do you think he found there? Anathalie Heath and Ronald Keith. They were just reporting to the warden, Dr. Davidson, when our editor arrived.



PARKER KENT

Who is in third year Arts, possesses a brilliant literary mind, which has shown its undoubted ability in this year's Sophomore play, "The Finishing Touch," which he wrote and directed. This year he is President of the Sophomore class and a member of both the Debating and Dramatic Society executives. This clever playwright and author has proved a most interesting and entertaining open forum debater.

ELECTRICAL CLUB MEETS

The Electrical Club got away to a good start for the new year on Wednesday afternoon, when Mr. Jay Burke, of thumb-nail fame, gave a very interesting paper on Automatic Telephony.

Diagrams of both 100 and 1000-line systems were shown on a screen, and the speaker described the different operations necessary to put through a call. The function of each dial number was explained, and also the circuit used to ring the bell with direct current. Relays are used to make connections necessary for the complicated current circuits. A busy tone machine indicates that a line is in use.

The speaker had his subject well in hand, probably due to an extensive investigation of the Edmonton system during the Junior Prom weekend, when a certain young lady from Calgary—but that's another story.

Mr. Mason stated that he had found out how to get Pembina at any time. Any interested party may learn the secret of this super-stupendous discovery for ten dollars, by calling at P207 any morning.

Then, it seems, up drove Mary Sutherland, Madeline Austin and Lovey Shaw in a little Ford coupe. They sneaked surreptitiously in, but not before they had been noticed. And they were not the only patients from Varsity either. Bob O'Brien, Rupert Warren, Bessie Brander, Eileen Dunn and Jean Holbrook were the others.

Here the "checked" veracity ends. Our editor, poor fellow, insists the rest is true too. As a matter of fact, it is quite conceivable that a grain of truth does lie in his story somewhere. But perhaps we have told enough as it is. Maybe it would be more humane to draw a benevolent curtain over the whole unfortunate affair.

Editor's Note: Contrary to popular belief, the editor was not Perkins.

Resident Dressing Room Guttled by Fire Sunday

ASSINIBOIA RALLIES TO SAVE ATHABASCA

Local Fire Brigade Keeps Fire From Spreading—Lack of Axes Their Only Complaint

Damage estimated at \$500 was done when a fire of unknown origin broke out in the lower gym in Athabasca Hall at 10:30 Sunday morning.

A group of boys from the north wing of Assiniboia were crossing the campus and noticed the small of smoke in the air. One of them mentioned that it smelled like a fire, but it was pointed out to him that large volumes of smoke were pouring out of the chimney of Athabasca, and that this was probably the cause of it.

However, after they had gone to their rooms in Assiniboia and taken off their coats, they decided to go back and see what was the cause of all the smoke.

As they entered by a back entrance commonly used by the residents of Assiniboia in going to Athabasca for meals, they were met by suffocating clouds of dense smoke.

They entered and found no one around, and were at first unable to discover where the fire was. Thinking it might be in the lounge, they pushed open the fire doors and entered to find Don Gibson and Phil Collier listening to "The Merry-makers" on the radio. There was no smoke in the lounge.

When they saw the fire wasn't there they all rushed out, and grabbing hoses and fire extinguishers, started down to the basement. Ed Aylesworth, the only resident of Athabasca present, stopped to break the glass on the fire alarm, but did not stop long enough to use the hammer, and is consequently nursing a sore hand. In the basement the heavy smoke made it difficult to see and breathe. The fire fighters had to frequently go upstairs for air. One of the boys picked up a badminton racket and broke several windows to let in a little fresh air.

Meanwhile, finding that the flames were coming up through the floor,

DICKENS SOCIETY SPONSORS CONTEST

Province-wide Competition for Readers of Dickens

Why is Charles Dickens so widely read today? This is the question that the Edmonton Branch of the Dickens Fellowship is putting to the people of the Province of Alberta.

From many of the larger centres throughout the English-speaking world comes the statement of leading librarians, that the books of Charles Dickens are the most circulated of all; comprise the greatest quantity of any author, and though they deal with times and conditions, matter and material that few people living today have any idea or experience of, they are in great demand, even though sixty years and more have passed since the novels were written. Why is this? Why is Dickens so widely read today?

This is not only so in the English tongue, but many translations have been made into other languages. There must be a good reason for this, and the Council of the Edmonton Branch of the Dickens Fellowship feel that there are a great many people throughout the province vitally interested in the works of Charles Dickens, with firm opinion on the matter, and would welcome this opportunity of expressing their appreciation of the greatest of all English novelists.

The Dickens Fellowship is a society with headquarters in London, England, and branches all over the world, comprised of men and women of different nationalities, tied together with the bond of human love and charitable fellowship expounded by Charles Dickens' own acts in life, and his writings. What a wonderful tribute!

The Edmonton, Alberta, Branch are therefore stretching a hand to fellow members in the province, and invite all to join this essay competition, governed by the following rules:

Topic: "Why is Dickens so widely read today?"

Essay must not exceed 3,000 words. To be written legibly or typewritten, one side of the paper only.

Essays to be addressed to Mr. H. R. Leaver, President, Edmonton Branch Dickens Fellowship, 10915 74th Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta.

Name and address of writer must accompany each entry.

Entries must be received not later than February 28th, 1934.

The judges will be named later. Prizes will be as follows: 1st, \$10; 2nd, \$5; 3rd, \$3, and five prizes of \$2 each.

streams of water were soon directed at the blaze.

The overtown fire brigade arrived about twenty minutes or half an hour after the fire broke out. The local brigade looked with envy at the equipment they possessed, especially the axes, which enabled them to break in the windows with ease and cut their way through a wall to the base of the blaze.

One of the men during the course of the blaze ran upstairs to get air, and decided to go through the wing to see if anyone still remained in the building, as the fire was as yet by no means under control. All the members of the fire brigade were at their posts beside the hoses, but finally, as he was just completing his rounds, he entered a room and found a student carefully packing his trunk and getting ready to leave.

He asked him, "Weren't you instructed to leave the building when the alarm rang?"

"Yes," he replied, "but can't I pack my clothes and take them with me?"

"No, you're supposed to leave the building immediately."

The student went out and left his packing undone. He at least could offer thanks for not having so much to unpack the following day.

One group of fire fighters entered a smoke filled room in the basement with a hose and played the stream of water there for some time before discovering that they were making no headway, as the fire was a couple of rooms down the hall. Imagine their embarrassment!

Meanwhile, outside the crowd gathered from the Tuck Shop, St. Joseph's and Pembina. Taurus was seen amusing himself by throwing snowballs at the firemen.

However, when the overtown brigade arrived they soon brought the fire under control, but it was only after a stiff battle that they succeeded in extinguishing it.

PAPER ON BACH TO BE GIVEN

Paper, Illustrated by Talented Artists, to be Read Sunday—Students Invited

The University Musical Club has planned a program of unusual interest for their next regular monthly meeting, which will be held in Athabasca Lounge on Sunday, January 14th, at 3:30 p.m. The club has been fortunate in securing Mr. Carman Milligan and several other talented musicians, who will illustrate the former's lecture on that great musician and composer, Bach.

This meeting should be of exceptional interest to students, and the club has extended, through its president, Mr. J. T. Jones, a cordial invitation to all who are interested.

In addition to the selections given by Mr. Milligan on the piano, Miss Christina Tames, of the Toronto Conservatory, will play. Miss Dorothy Blackwell, a gold medalist, will sing, while a concerto for two violins and a piano will be rendered by Mr. E. Kirkwood, Mlle. Olive Brosseau, and Mr. Milligan.

It is indeed rare that the students have an opportunity to hear and have explained music that has lived so long and won so many friends. The music Club is to be congratulated for being able to present such a program.

I Saw This Week

Larry Davis doing nothing.

Ken Smith throwing snowballs at Pembina.

Bob Proctor chiselling on Fraser Mitchell.

Some Freshmen and Freshettes returning to pack in order to leave Varsity.

Mary Sutherland in Ponoka.

Lois Hammond shouting, "Where's your epitaph?"

Athabasca getting hot.

Pete Rule scoring two goals for Varsity.

Guy Kinnear out skating.

Mary Smith in The Gateway Office—Believe it or not!

BAND AT VARSITY RINK TONIGHT



THE GATEWAY

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WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER

The honor list of His Majesty for the first time in fifteen years included the names of Canadians. The Conservative party, or at least the Right Honourable Mr. Bennett, has taken it upon himself to request the King to disregard the resolution of the House of Commons of 1919, and again confer knight-hoods upon Canadians. Undoubtedly the return to the fold was sound legally, for a resolution passed by one House is only binding until the House is dissolved. Politically, it is very questionable whether it was a wise move, without some public expression of opinion, for although the resolution of 1919 was ineffective legally, yet it was a resolution passed by the representatives of the people, and the people in such times as these are not greatly impressed by legal quibbles. Votes will certainly not be gained for the Tories, for the advocates of the honor system were Conservative anyway, and conversely many of the supporters of the Government were vehemently opposed. In the light of the development, the story that Mr. Bennett will assume a title in the near future gains credence. Most certainly it was not a sagacious move on the part of the Prime Minister.

However, disregarding the principle politically, the actual choice of men was unusually happy. That Canada's greatest jurist should be so rewarded is very fitting. Sir Lyman Duff and Sir Matthias Teller are both public servants of the greatest merit, and it is only fitting that they should lead the van in the race for aristocracy. So also no quarrel can be had with the selection for the lesser honors, although the ladies did predominate.

The important question still remains unanswered: should Canadians have a place in the honors list of the King? In England titles for public servants have always been recognized as a reward, and except for a brief interlude the recipients of the rewards have always merited them. However, Canadian public life has never attained the same high plane as English, and political considerations have always been the prime concern. Before 1919 many political hangers-on received signal honors merely for services to their party, which is not at all synonymous with services to the country. Altruism is not the greatest characteristic of our party power, and there is a great danger that titles will not be rewarded unbiassedly. Socialists will make much about the exaggeration of class spirit which will result, but as none of these titles will be hereditary, this objection shouldn't bulk very large.

The bestowal of titles has much to commend it. Canada is a part of the Empire still, and in all other parts men who render a service to their countries or humanity in general, can look forward to having their work acknowledged. If used honestly it can be a great incentive for service. A somewhat anomalous situation was created by the 1919 resolution, for it only requested His Majesty not to honor Canadians, and left Canadians perfectly free to accept honors from other countries, which they have done.

But whatever the merits or demerits of the system are, we must have a final decision on the matter. To have Canadians knighted in one decade and not in the next is ridiculous, and to have knights created under one regime and discontinued under the next would be worse. If Canadians do not want to have titles conferred on their citizens, let them make it so clear that in future no Prime Minister, even in the closing days of his reign, will dare to disregard their wishes.

—D. M.

"A \$50,000 BED OF PANSIES"

Thank Heavens there is at least one other poetic soul left, and his was moved at the thought of \$50,000 to be spent on the University. It all happened when the powers-that-be convened to determine how to spend it, and in the bosom of our hero there arose an undeniable impulse for flowers and more flowers, in fact, \$50,000 worth of flowers:

I wandered lonely as a kyte
Across a campus stark and bare,
And then imagine my delight
To find a host of Pansies there.

Now, we're even stirred with a deep poetic fire. Seriously though, somebody did suggest that a Carnegie grant recently received by the University be spent in landscaping the grounds. For an institution as sadly in need of library and scientific equipment as we are, to spend that much money having our faced lifted would be acting like a country boy at a fair. Our benefactors might, with reason, look elsewhere for people who knew better how to spend their money.

More practical suggestions were that the unfinished north-east wing of the Med Building be completed to provide a much-needed library or class-room space. However, it is somewhat doubtful how far \$50,000 would go in such a project. Even the first instalment of a new Science building would relieve the congestion in the Arts. At least it would form a substantial nucleus of a building fund.

All our students are cramped in their work at some time by a lack of equipment. The grant would go a long way in alleviating this situation, and be far more in tune with the intention of the Carnegie Trust.

There was a suggestion that the money be de-



The Varsity Ski Club members bold
Are not appalled by sleet and snow.
Regardless of the bitter cold,
They'll ski at twenty-five below.
The elements may storm with all their might;
The skiers won't come home till fall of night.

With Telemark and Gelunda-sprung
They willingly descend each hill.
Each member, be he old or young,
Thinks he'll arrive without a spill.
Down slippy slope or crag or precipice
They always start with perfect form—like this:



Ambitious, hardy, they appear,
But careful scrutiny discloses
That members oft bring home we fear,
Severely frozen hands and noses.
Marc Antony one put it clear enough—
"Ambition should be made of sterner stuff!"

The Telemark may turn out all right,
But solemn truth appears once more—
The hope is really very slight.
It seldom turned out right before.
For Ski Club members often seem to miss
Their balance, and come sliding down like this:



—T. W. H.

Bill Hoar (out on golf course, gloating over perfect lie)—Aw, this is pie for me!
Don McKenzie—Yeh, I notice you've had several slices already.

Hopeful D.G.—I want a hammock.
Clerk—What size, miss?
D.G.—Well, I want it big enough for one, but strong enough for two.

First Professor—Name me an animal peculiar to Australia.
First Student (Betty Carlyle): A rhinoceros.
Professor—Why, there never was a rhinoceros in Australia!
Student (Betty Carlyle)—I know; that's why it would be peculiar.

Jean Ray—I hear Larry Broughton is a great ladies' man.
Peggy Benson—Yes, he makes love to seven or eight girls a week, approximately.
Jean—What do you mean, approximately?
Peggy—Just roughly.

voted to scholarships. Our only criticism of this is that too few of the students are able to enjoy the benefits of it. Along the same line was a suggestion that it could form a loan fund, from which students in their senior years could borrow enough to complete their courses, providing that they had attained a scholastic standing which merited the consideration. Nothing is more unfortunate than to see deserving students forced to leave the University in their final years through the press of financial difficulties.

These are for the most part practical suggestions. Think it over. What would you do for the University with \$50,000?

THE LITTLE THEATRE

One of the great disadvantages of living in the West is the lack of theatres. A tour by a famous actor is something very seldom enjoyed, and in most of the western cities the "legitimate theatres" are usually empty. The Little Theatre plays a greater part here than it does in any other section of the country, and deservedly so. They have a distinct place to fill in Western Canada, and not one to be taken lightly.

The last play put on by this group of amateurs before Xmas was unworthy of them. The play chosen was very mediocre, and to be successfully staged would need skilled actors and actresses as well as a much better atmosphere than that given by the Separate School Hall. To add to the troubles of the director, his leading actor became sick a few days before the date set for the play, and this role had to be filled at the last moment.

Even with these handicaps, the play was not as good as it should have been. Although some acting was well done, the rest was very poor. In many places the actors seemed to feel they were merely platform orators, and the audience was quite conscious it was being spoken at. Much obvious prompting had to be done, even in some of the minor roles. The make-up of the leading lady and man was very sloppily put on, and was only one of the indications that the play had been carelessly prepared.

The bright spot of the evening came when "God Save the King" was played. The company were quite unfamiliar with that particular rendition of the anthem; and apparently so were the cast, for they joined in several lines ahead of the string quartette. Even the matrons of the audience were unable to restrain their smiles.

We hope that in the interests of amateur dramatics the member of the Little Theatre will in their next performance attain their former standard.

—D. M.



Dear Sports Editor:

May I be permitted a few lines to comment upon the complimentary way you have of treating women's hockey. In reading the little note headed "Flash — Women's Hockey Team Exhibits Strength," I was left with the impression that the team all but won the game despite the score of 12-0. Thinking back over hockey seasons of the last few years, never has such a one-sided score occurred in any game on this or the other side of the international boundary. It brings to mind the game when the Edmonton Grads defeated the French women's team at Paris by the score 122-0. When the score was made known people would not believe it—credible, but it was the truth. And now our senior women's hockey team playing in an intermediate league game are out-skated, out-shot, out-scored to the tune of 12-0, and you hand them a bouquet.

Look at the coals you heaped on the senior women's basketball team, of which many are playing their first year under men's rules, for losing against a highly trained, well-coached aggregation by the score of 54-24, or a 2 to 1 ratio—highly efficient compared to a 12-0 ratio.

Not only does 12-0 suggest disaster, but when the Monarchs took out their goalie for the whole of the last period one begins to wonder just what did take place.

From the face-off the play was wholly another practice for the Monarchs. Indeed, if they had divided their team and practised, the brand of hockey would have been far superior to the display of talent, or utter lack of it, put up by Varsity. Only the fine work and luck of their goalie prevented a cricket score. Time after time the Monarchs sent down forward line rushes, intermingled with solo efforts, which after carrying them through the whole of Varsity team, were checked at goal. In retaliation the green (very green) and gold clad Amazons, working hard to get out of each other's way, would find amongst themselves one who had the puck. With a war-whoop that could almost be heard a yard away, an attack would be launched. In their excitement, or perhaps it was their kind, generous, "Oh, no, my dear, you take it" attitude, Varsity's "Last Hopes" never advanced the puck past centre ice but one during the first period, and not once was a shot taken on the Monarch goal. What a game—packed full of thrills, spills, flops, trips (over their own skates), etc. I'm sorry you could not



All of which should bring back fond memories to those who were exposed to Physics 55.

The U. of Western Ontario Gazette carries a timely bit of poetical advice concerning the impending fist-fight in Europe. It is entitled:

Be a Pacifist

If your figure's not so brawny,
Be a pacifist.
If your neck is long and scrawny,
Be a pacifist.
If your feet are not so warm,
And the women 'round you swarm,
And you look like hell in a uniform,
Be a pacifist.

Though your country's in the 'right,
Be a pacifist.
Who the blazes wants to fight?
Be a pacifist.
What though liberty's at stake,
And the war for freedom's sake,
Stay at home and nibble cake.
Be a pacifist.

Don't you like a messy war?

Be a pacifist.
Think of bellies oozing gore.
Be a pacifist.
If you're full of fear about it,
And the world's inclined to doubt it,
Break the headlines, rave about it!
Be a pacifist.

A few good geography teachers should be able to make a good living in London, Eng., if the following clipping from the Fort Saskatchewan News can be taken as a sample of the average English knowledge of Edmonton's position with respect to civilization. Here are the facts as collected by a "John Bull" reporter:

Several western papers are getting a great deal of amusement out of an item published in "John Bull" of London, Eng., which speaks of a Mrs. Lawrence who is leaving her home in Lancashire to live in the city of Edmonton, which, we are told, is "one of the last of the Canadian outposts of the Hudson Bay Company." The British readers are told that she is going to a place where "the drone of an aero engine will be practically her only remaining link with civilization." Her near neighbors will be at Herschel Island and Bernard Harbor, some hundreds of miles away. But this, after all, is, we are told, very much better than it was formerly, for until eighteen months ago no one at this isolated post ever came into touch with civilization at all save when the Company's steamer sailed from Vancouver once a year through Behring Straits to Edmonton. Fortunately it usually brought a twelve months' supply of all the necessities of life, and so the few inhabitants of this benighted region escape starvation until the next year. However, if the worst came

have seen it. The price of admission was negligible to what it was worth—only the big top and rings were missing, otherwise it was complete.

Things picked up during the second half—for the Monarchs. They doubled their score of the first period. They had solved the standing five-man defense of the "Last Hopes." That name is not original with me, it came from one of the few spectators who was fascinated by the slaughter when I inquired as to the identity of the combatants. It may have been that she said "Lost Hopes."

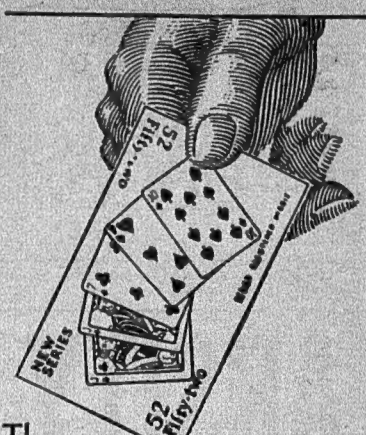
Somehow I feel that it were only true to state that the crowd were betting as to how badly the Monarchs would swamp the Varsity. Those who thought it would easily be a dozen were right. Despite a shortened third period and playing without a goalie, the Monarchs picked up three goals, and had their citadel in danger about three times, but one of their defense, dropping back nonchalantly and efficiently put a stop to such unwarranted proceedings on the part of the Varsity team.

Oh, dear me, the report has just come in that the women's hockey team improved on their last game, when the Orioles, a last year's junior team, handed them a 9-0 defeat. I do hope more students will turn out to games in the future—on the time-old saying, "Laugh and grow fat."

Sincerely,
HOWIE I. PANEM.

to the worst, the inhabitants had recourse to dogs, who travelled to civilization and back with some bacon and flour. Now, however, they have some aeroplants fitted with skis which can land on the "snowy wastes" of Edmonton at any time summer or winter. This brings to mind a story told a few years ago by a friend who visited his old home in England and told the people what Toronto was like. He saw that they did not believe a word he said, especially when he told them that the city was lighted with electricity brought from a distance of eighty miles. But when he changed his tune and told them of standing in his shop door, and shooting the wolves as they sped past, they swallowed it all without winking. But these things afford Canada's benighted citizens no little enjoyment as they see them in black and white.

From the Queen's Journal comes an article on the production of Heavy Water. This looks just like ordinary water, but is different in that each hydrogen atom has a mass of two instead of the usual mass of one. Professor Hugh Scott Taylor and Arthur A. Frost, Harvard Fellow in Chemistry at Princeton, have succeeded in devising a process by which about a thimbleful of heavy water is produced every two days. Fresh water animals are unable to live when placed in this liquid.

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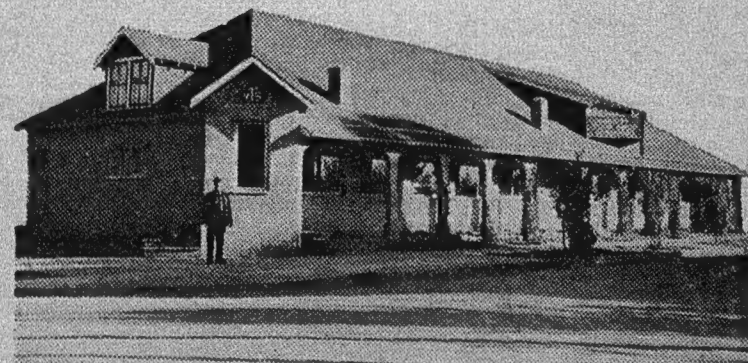
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CO-ED COLUMNS

LAY THOUGHTS OF A CO-ED

We have promoted ourself to a columnist, and it is with some trepidation that we are setting forth on our adventures. We sadly feel the need of a model—some eminent personage who strives to amuse and educate an exacting public. Great as our admiration is for that very delightful and unfortunate writer, Lukin Johnson, we felt that notes, let us say, on "Through Alberta Lanes," would be a bit dirty. Cowper leaves us cold—he is staunchly Grit, and we are staunchly nothing at all. Percival Hodnut compels our greatest respect, but we can never hope to attain his lofty heights. Come on down and see us some time, Percy, old chap! Dorothy Dix leaves nothing to be said—Gladys Glad turns us faintly green—Sister Mary is too intent on calories. So we will follow our own bent and ask the leniency of our readers—we are just a co-ed trying to get along.

It is to be feared that the faculty had a much too sedate and well-behaved holiday for, on the whole, the exam marks are depressingly sober and uninspired. If we did not know better, we would say that one set of papers handed in by the mining engineers had been corrected during a hang-over. For once we did not regret the simplicity of an Applied Science course. In fact, we looked on the intricacies of Arts with something akin to affection.

May we sandwich in this prettily gilded truth between academics and moonlight? It is good for the soul or something:

"Now it is sometimes good for us, as we make our prosaic passage through this apparently prosaic world, to realize that we are not the only people whose hearts are wrung by anguish. Every house, at some time or another, is Heartbreak House. Every street at some desolate hour of night or day, is Sinister Street. And every man, however shallow he may seem, however 'bright' he may appear to his neighbors, has known himself, at some turn of the clock, to be despised and rejected of men?"

Ain't it the truth?

Moonlight has, for some years, been vulgarized on the screen and in Tin Pan Alley, but in the sky it can still make the best of us dither. We townspeople are said to ease out on

it by our blatant Neon signs, which wink at us nightly with the doubtful charm of a Mae West; and by the persistency of our city engineers in putting forth more and better street lights, which, we contend, are a vast improvement on the fair Diana. We admit that even in our wildest moments a street light cannot send shivers up and down our spines, but at least we can always—or almost always—depend on it for service. Besides which, its nice common friendliness keeps us from feeling spiritual, and squelches any desire to break into interpretive dancing. High powered civilization may be making us degenerate, but we may thank that child of modern invention for putting the brakes on our aesthetic inclinations, and slightly solidifying our easily moved sentimentalities.

—F. M. J.

WAUNEITA TO HOLD MASQUERADE DANCE

Convocation Hall to Be Scene of Gay Affair Next Friday

The Wauneita Masquerade—suspense, excitement, glamour!

Here is a lady of the gay nineties, arrayed in silks and satins, the flash of a tiny silver slipper as she glides by, a glimpse of lacy froth above. Brushing past her is a gangster, cigarette lolling from disdainful mouth, indulging in a crooked smile as a gay pirate passes. Here a Hindoo from the Far East, surrounded with mystery as he gazes at the gay crowd with inscrutable eyes. A laugh ripples out as Mr. Micawber enters, elegant of dress and manners. He makes a leg to the audience, and then his face brightens as he catches a dazzling smile from a tall Spanish dame. A commotion rises in a corner where the Gold Dust Twins have stolen Betty Blue's dolly. Trouble is in the air when the strains of "Annie Doesn't Live Here Anymore" float from the piano, and the Twins restoring the doll, dance away to the centre of the floor. The Wauneita Masquerade—one of the high lights of the year, a page from Mother Goose, the mecca of fun-loving girls.

Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Weir and Miss Jean Bulyea have kindly consented to act as patronesses and also as judges of the costumes. The masquerade is to be held in Convocation Hall, Friday, January 12, at 8 p.m. The executive has planned for two hundred guests, and they feel sure that everyone will enjoy the evening to the full.

Remember the place, Convocation Hall. The day, Friday, January 12. The time, 8 p.m. Come and lose yourselves in a fantastic, glittering fairland—a masquerade.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

There has just been placed in the Library for the use of students, a Latin Dictionary bearing an inscription showing that it was awarded as a prize to May Johnstone, a brilliant student who died this year. The book is now given back to the students by her mother, whose kind thought is deeply appreciated.

NOTICE

The regular meeting of the Pharmacy Club will be held on Monday, Jan. 15, at 4:30, in Med 142.

A moving picture depicting the manufacture of Biologicals, Toxins and Anti-toxins in Parke Davis and Co. laboratories, will be shown.

All members are requested to make a special effort to attend.

"Science is always wrong. It never solves a problem without creating ten more."—G. B. Shaw.

THE ROBOT SHOW

What has happened to the mechanical man, so glibly discussed a few years ago? Where is the supreme labor-saving genie who was to eliminate all the drudgery of office and household routine with the sole expenses of a regular oilcan and an eight-day winding? What has become of that hypothetical perfect stenographer—that mathematical wizard, that timeless and fatiguesless masterpiece which took no time off for complexion repairs and could be relegated to the junk heap without pension?

There was a lot of talk about the robot. It became the subject of many articles. One outstanding result of the effect of this theme is the well-known play by Karel Capek, "R.U.R." Even when it was written it was stamped with a certain fleetingness of character, and now, a decade after, it is a subject whose strength lies in its hour rather than in its theme.

There is a streak in most of use which secretly relishes the freak scientific theme. Audiences still thrill to Mary Shelley's "Frankenstein." Jekyll and Hyde are universal figures—and such novels as H. G. Wells' "Men from Mars" provoke the imagination. So "R.U.R.", while losing its glamour as a current novelty, will continue to pique the love of the weird.

In "R.U.R."—Rossum's Universal Robots—mechanical figures made by men in their own image are commercially over-produced to such an extent that they usurp world dominion, and exterminate their creators. Science and mechanical laws have committed suicide—organization is gone. But step by step we see the robots develop from automatons into creatures with feelings and passions, hearts, and finally, souls. The last surviving man, a white-bearded scientist, is frantically trying to reconstruct the formula for recreating his own species. A dead planet cries for life. But out of this chaos we see an Adam and Eve of the Robot family making the first approaches to a courtship which is to later repopulate the earth with a "race no longer mechanical, but human."

Capek has wonderful sensations in his play. As his Robots increase in numbers and intelligence, they tend to band together. "It was a mistake to make them international," says one of their inventors. "We must have national Robots; then they will speak a different language and really hate each other." Bitter—yes, but very effective.

There is one stupendous scene, when the Robots, in revolt, have cornered the last surviving man on an island. Robots looming up gigantic at the windows against a flaming sky, Robots marching with peculiar mechanical rhythm and singleness of purpose, drive home the crying social problems of the day.

As one critic says, we eventually begin to wonder whether we are not all Robots, waiting for a dawn of awakening, a light of individual inspiration. It is powerful drama, and, although it savours of a journalistic news-head, the weird fascination of its very possibility will grip you.

OUR DEAR PROFESSORS

By H. W. J.

It was in ancient Rome, if I remember correctly, that a week each year was set aside in which slaves were allowed to speak their minds to their masters. I do not know what happened to the slaves the day after their orgy of free speech, but I venture to say that it depended on the individual characters of the masters as to how they fared. If their owners were made of good stuff no evil consequences fell; if of shoddy cloth, they vented their spite on the heads of their charges.

Even so today, a rough test for determining a man's or a woman's essential bigness of character would be to call in question some of their pet opinions or pre-occupations. The personal reaction resulting would afford a striking indication of the strength of moral fibre possessed by the subject, in that what he does under such provocation either raises or lowers him in our estimation. The rugged individualist—for that is the way the most of us fancy ourselves—is ready to take the consequences of his challenges of act or fact. The other sort of man is prone to rely on positions of privilege as a safeguard against the effects brought on by unpremeditated utterances and rash deeds. We cannot help admiring the individualist, wrong though he may be, but we have nothing except scorn for the skulker behind privilege.

At this point I cannot refrain from complimenting the fine spirit shown by professors who have written into The Gateway. They have behaved in a manner which makes it evident that they are not hiding behind their privileges, but having thrown down the gauntlet in the common arena, they are willing to fight hand-to-hand without insisting upon their prerogatives. And this is to be commended in them, as well as a sense of humor that will not allow them to take amiss a little comedy on the part of student headliners.

Here I would like to enter into an agreeable task. I am going to make a few comments on what I know and have heard about university pro-

Who?

Who was the wild and winsome coot That made poor Adam pull the boot And taste of that forbidden fruit? The Flapper.

This Cleopatra Maiden fair For whom great Caesar tore his hair Who was this vamp so debonaire? A Flapper.

Who was the biddy called Salome, That robbed John Baptist of his dome The one that made the men leave home? A Flapper.

Who is it now that flashes by With scanty clothes and drooping eye, For whom some sap would gladly die? A Flapper.

Who strokes the profs upon their nobbs And on their shoulder gently sobbs While some swell mark from them she robs? A Flapper.

Who is it spends their hard earned kale Who makes this plaint a woeful tale, Who is more deadly than the male? The Flapper.

—McGill Daily, Nov., 1922.

fessors. Indeed, it is a singular thing that a number of the professors here were known to me by hearsay years before I came to University. Reputations, nicely docketed, are stacked away neatly in the minds of prospective Freshmen years before they come. And so it is with marked prejudice that they look on the owners of these reputations. No present acts and favors can rescue a marred reputation. Unaffected the old sagas will continue. Some of these circulating records are good, very good. Many are indifferent or colorless, or worse still, unjustly fasten on some past failing that has since been corrected. The third class are written in emotions closely approaching hate. I never knew it was possible to hate one's lecturer till I heard the violent language of students afflicted with grudges against particular teachers.

To be quite sincere, these emotions are founded on misunderstanding of the worst kind, and it is a pity they could not be corrected, with beneficial results to professors and students alike.

From these remarks it must not be inferred that the writer has had any cause to complain. I plume myself that in the past two years I have been under the finest lecturers in the University, both in their capacities as mentors and instructors.

Many other students have the same thing to say. As a student in Applied Science said to me, "I have the greatest respect for all my professors. They are all fine fellows." But though this qualification is a great aid in helping one to endure a boring lecturer, it will not make one feel disposed in his favor if he believes he is allowing his classes to suffer because he refuses to prepare his lectures; nor will the thought that he is a brilliant scientist or over-town after-dinner speaker make his fumbling remarks intelligible or excusable. But, as I said before, students behave tolerantly towards a man they recognize as a "good sort." It is for another they reserve their intense dislike. It is the man that refuses to see beyond the narrow limits of his subject, who tries to cram into one pattern the divers needs and inclinations of his students. Such a man seems to forget that his subject might be a side-line to some more interesting course; and should be flattered that he has been chosen to arouse and develop a taste in the minds of his hearers for his particular "love." Why should he not?—other professors, apparently, feel that way!

Students have complained in all ages about the "crusty professor" that will not let on he knows them, or else subjects a pleasant "Good day" to a freezing stare of non-recognition. I have often wondered how a freezing stare would work on a hungry tiger, in the day of the Cave-man—however, it has been known to intimidate beasts!

I would recommend to these students that they take front seats and draw favorable comment from their mentor by the sagacity of their questions and answers, then they will not complain of being cut! However, always allow a little for day-dreaming and absent-mindedness—it's a common failing among students and professors alike.

LADIES' SKATING, TUESDAY, 2 P.M.

CO-ED SPORT

By J. F.

In reviewing their recent game with the Orioles, the co-ed hockeyists feel like Napoleon after Waterloo. After their first upset just before Christmas, the green and gold gathered their forces, and with the highest hopes set out to hold the Silver Gray.

And what a game that was! Till Orioles down on their end of the ice, the very end of the second period, the Orioles despite their most intensive efforts, secured a two-goal credit.

It was during the scoreless second period that the co-eds played their trump cards. They tore down the ice, wormed their way through the defence and shot, only to have their efforts blocked by Dannyluck's stellar goal-keeping. Mary Hewitt and Nancy Evans were instrumental in forming the spearheads of attack.

In the third stanza the Orioles decided that something had to be done about it, and they did it. McKaig and McNeill slid the rubber puck into the net for the next five points. Then came the others—one by one.

It must be admitted that in the face of more determined opposition, the co-eds let up in their fine efforts at defence that they had exhibited during the game so far, toward the close.

Next game, Tuesday, Jan. 16, against the team of the League—the Monarchs. With the holiday kinks ironed out, and more practise, the co-eds may play a game!

In a devastating article replete with the most unconstructive criticism on senior basketball teams, the author made a flagrant error or so owing to his lack of securing sufficient information before stating his assumptions.

We've always been under the impression that Varsity enters their senior team in the Provincial Intermediate "B" Basketball Division, and that their opposition there does not consist of the invincible Grad machine, but rather that of the Gradettes. Any games played against the Grads so far, are purely exhibition affairs, sponsored at the instigation of the Grad coach, J. Percy Page.

Then, too, women's major awards are distinctive, very few in number, hard to secure, and awarded only after care consideration by a committee consisting of faculty members interested in athletics and three representative students, to athletes with genuine service to their credit.

So far, only one major award has been granted—Jo Kopta is the deserving recipient.

On Tuesday, Jan. 16, Glad Fry's South Side Sharks play one of the House League teams in an exhibition game, Varsity gym.

A Tough Job

In a London school for waiters the pupils learn to carve on wooden models. The idea is to have the chickens as lifelike as possible.—Sunday Express.

Switzerland's first skyscraper is in the process of erection at Lausanne. It is 20 storeys high.

MISS DODD GETS LEAVE OF ABSENCE

Illness Forces Dean of Women to Take Prolonged Vacation

It has been rumored and verified from reliable sources that the Dean of Women, Miss Dodd, will shortly be leaving us. A prolonged period of illness has forced her against her wish to take a three months' holiday. Although she is still uncertain of the date of her departure, it will probably be within a week. Her destination is also in doubt, but it is said that she has a weakness for California. In any case, all of us will feel her loss which, although temporary, is none the less acute. The House Dances will seem different without her familiar figure. We wish her a quick recovery and an early return to Pembina.

There has been considerable discussion on the campus as to her successor. The choice evidently has not been made, or at least it is still a matter of doubt.

He Won

Two tramps, walking along the railroad, found a bottle of high-powered moonshine. One took a drink and passed it to the other. And so forth, until the bottle was empty.

After a while one puffed out his chest and said:

"You know, Bill, tomorrow I'm going to buy this railroad. I'm going to buy all the railroads in the country, all the automobiles, all the steamships—everything. What do you think of that?"

Bill looked at his companion disparagingly and replied:

"Impossible; can't do it."

"Why not?"

"I won't sell."—Farmers' Advoc.

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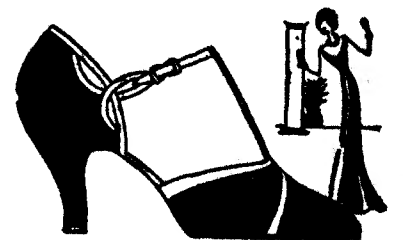
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SPORTS



VARSITY TO PLAY IN LETHBRIDGE AND RAMYOND THIS WEEK-END

Arguments For Proposed Floodlighting Rugby Grid

A Practical Investment

By Ernie Ayre
Secretary, Men's Athletics

In response to numerous enquiries I have had and also to unasked questions in the minds of some concerning the proposed installation of floodlights at the Varsity grid, I would like to point out a few reasons for the proposal.

First of all, from the standpoint of intercollegiate rugby. In intercollegiate sport there are long distances to cover to make competition possible. This means considerable expense, which cannot be decreased below a certain level no matter how much economy is practised. The custom in the past has been for the travelling team to play only one game at each University. The gate receipts from this one game have never (I believe) been sufficient to cover the travelling expenses of the trip. This means that there is not even a gambling chance of breaking even financially.

However, if two games were played at each University on the same visit (Thursday or Monday, and Saturday), the travelling expenses would be only slightly increased, while the income would be doubled. The Thursday or Monday games could be played under floodlights, while the Saturday games would be played in the afternoon as usual. If this condition existed, then I believe that intercollegiate rugby would be a financially sound project. For example, a two-game series with Saskatchewan played at this University could easily provide us with a profit of three hundred dollars over and above guarantees and expenses. Without floodlights intercollegiate rugby is impracticable under existing conditions, because every trip made is bound to cost either University concerned three to four hundred dollars.

As to the cost of installation, recent correspondence indicates a considerable decrease in the estimated expenditure necessary. Further, there is a possibility that the cost could be spread over a number of years, the payment, or the majority of it, being made each year from the season's profits.

During the past few years the number of home games played on the grid, including both scheduled and exhibition games, has been limited—very limited. With floodlights, I see no reason why the number of games played on the Varsity grid could not be trebled or better. Two or three games (possibly exhibition) could be played during those first ten days following registration, when most students have a little money left. During this time there are few other campus activities organized, so that a greater number of students would turn out to the games.

As for the team itself, these pre-schedule games would give it invaluable experience to enable it to better cope with other contending teams.

Prairie teams have always been handicapped compared with Eastern and American teams, by the shortness of their season and the limited experience derived from a relatively small number of games. We cannot increase the length of our season except by increasing the number of games played. When it comes to drawing up a rugby schedule Saturdays are scarce, to say the least. Last year, to increase the number of games, the Edmonton Junior Rugby League played games on Sunday. Being unable to charge admission at these games, however, their financial obligations were not lightened, but the experience derived will no doubt be evident next season in a higher the Varsity grid would thus enable us standard of rugby. Floodlights on to lengthen our season and better the brand of rugby played.

TO ADOPT PROPOSAL



PRESIDENT OF ATHLETICS

Many sportsmen miss the rugby games because of the hunting season calling them away on Saturday afternoons. Such people and many others who have to work are prevented from attending afternoon games, and would swell the numbers to attend night games. In Manitoba, British Columbia and in the States where night rugby is played, figures show a greater turn-out to evening games. In British Columbia, even with the additional weather hazard of dense fogs, floodlights are found profitable. Our evenings in late September and October are clear and warm, and would be ideal for not only rugby games, but for track meets, racing, interfaculty activities, etc.

Prospects for a full intercollegiate schedule as of a few years back are not very good for the coming season, and games will no doubt have to be arranged next fall. The probable outcome will be a series of games between Saskatchewan and Alberta, and the winner play B.C. for the cup. It will facilitate the arranging of such games very greatly if we can play at night as well as on Saturday afternoons.

I believe that the financial possibilities of profit from the installation of rugby floodlights at this University are very great. A small amount of revenue could be derived from renting our facilities to overtown teams when not in use.

Next year Alberta is going to have a good rugby team, better than this season's! With proper advertising, management, and a sufficient number of home games, rugby should earn money. I see no reason why it should not pay for itself and other sports as it does in Eastern universities.

MEN'S INTERCOLLEGIATE HOCKEY

The Men's Athletic Executive and the management of the senior hockey team have accomplished a noble thing in arranging a home and home series of four games with the Saskatchewan Varsity team. The first two games will be played on Saskatoon ice, Friday and Saturday of next week. The following week-end, Jan. 26 and 27, of Dr. Webster's sporting ground for Ye Lads and Lassies at the U. of A.

It is rumored around that the prairie boys have such a team as the McGill aggregation have hopes of possessing at the end of the season. It is a fact that the Gentlemen from Alberta are the greatest threat that the world-famous Superiors have ever had to their championship of the Edmonton Senior league. Those of you who know will be on hand to see our boys strut their stuff. Those of you who don't may consider yourselves told. And to those who must consider the pennies, here's the largest break you've had in many moons: Two (2) reserved seat tickets are selling for 75c.

Two (2) rush seat tickets will sell for 50c.

Have you ever heard of anything like the pleasure of seeing a swiftest hockey match being so very reasonable as this? I haven't. Well, let's go! Get the girl friend and her Wauneta blanket and come along.

Single seats will be sold for 50c and 35c. Any member of either girls' or men's team will gladly sell them to you.

SPORTING SLANTS

By Cecil Jackman

With the Christmas season past and only two losses recorded, both directly attributable to said Christmas season, the boys look to be headed for a playoff berth in the local hockey league. On top of that they have a four-game series booked with Saskatchewan, all of which should make for some first-class hockey.

Incidentally, it was Guy Kinnear who scored the second goal the other night against the Canadians, and not Jack McConnell. Sorry, Jack.

How about purchasing the boys a few pairs of new socks before they appear in Saskatoon? In fact, the "woolies" were very much in evidence the other night, and a whole set of new uniforms is almost forthcoming.

Taurus, in the last issue, went out of his way to remark that only a handful of players are interested in rugby. If he had taken the trouble to walk down to the grid last fall, or to read this page, he would have found that there is an interfac rugby league on the campus consisting of four teams, with approximately 20 men connected with each team, in addition to the senior team.

If he had cared for strenuous sport and had not been too afraid of the dark, he might have turned out for the team representing his favorite faculty, and taken a try at passing a ball in the deepening dusk of late fall. He might have then realized just to what extent interfac rugby, among other things, would benefit by flood-lighting the grid.

If he had cared to investigate further, he would have found that the proposal can be carried out with no additional cost to the students. What is more, in a very few years flood-lights on the grid will put sport on a self-supporting basis.

While on the subject of expense, it would be well to suggest that sidewalk accommodation be provided from the rink to 12th Street. Cars and pedestrians do not mix well on the same artery of traffic.

Major athletic awards are to be made on the basis of six awards per season, rather than two as formerly. Two awards are to be given as before, and will probably be given to graduates. The four additional are for the next four athletes who may not be graduating. The idea is to give the Big Block Club a start on the campus. The only hitch is that the last four have to be paid for. That savours a little too much of wrestling for a diamond studded belt.

Varsity Seniors Triumph Over Safeway Canadians

Pete Rule Stars When Green and Gold Tounce Canadians 3-2

With less than a minute to go in the last period, Pete Rule banged the puck past Castagner for the goal that gave Varsity the game, and put them on a par with the Superiors for the league leadership. From a tangle to the left of the light Peter came out carrying the puck, and the Canadian goalie didn't have a chance.

Despite sticky ice, the game was fast and furious throughout. At times players on both teams had difficulty controlling the puck, but they played fast, wide-open hockey during the whole game. Varsity deserved the win on territorial play, and Maybank had his anxious moments, but he turned everything aside except for the two that got past him, and in both cases the scorers were right in on top of him so he had little chance.

Three minutes after the game started, Rule score Varsity's first counter on a perfect pass from Ferguson. For the next five minutes the play changed from end to end, and although there were several scrambles in front of the Safeway net which worried their supporters considerably, no scoring was done. About halfway through the period Lefty Grove took a pass from McTavish to beat Maybank and even the score. This goal seemed to pep up both teams, and they kept going at a lively clip. Denny Hague considered things were going too fast, so he pulled Don Gibson's skates off the ice, and was put off for a two-minute rest. While the Canucks were short-handed Varsity put on four-man attacks, which finally resulted in a goal. Moose McConnell scored on a pass from Cruickshank. The Safeways were shooting the puck up the ice, and this didn't go over so big with the fans.

From then until the end of the period play saw-sawed back and forth. Hague drew another penalty, but Varsity failed to capitalize on that extra man power, so the period ended with the score 2-1.

The second period was scoreless, but it produced the most exciting moments of the game. Time after time both goalies rose to great heights to rob incoming forwards of what looked like sure goals.

Halfway through the third period Don Gibson was penalized, and the Safeway stormed around the Varsity net. Buzz Jones slipped a nice pass

to Green, who beat Maybank with a nice shot to tie up the game. It looked as if the game was going into overtime when Rule scored that million dollar goal, which put the game in the bag.

The whole Varsity team played good hockey. Gibson, Talbot and Kinnear were probably the stand-outs. Lefty Grove and Don McTavish looked good for the Canucks, and Castagner played a good game in goal.

The lineups:
Varsity—Maybank, Talbot, Gibson, Burgess, Kinnear, McConnell, Cruickshank, Scott, Ferguson, Rule.

Canadians — Castagner, Rimstad, Hague, Roxborough, Jones, McMillan, Grove, Green, McTavish, Bowen.

BADMINTON

The University Badminton Club has entered the inter-club tournament. There are many new players, and they should be good for many Varsity wins. Four teams have entered the tournament.

The Senior Ladies' team made up of Fern Atkinson, Janet Atkin, Nancy Stiell, Barbara Adams and Mary Smith, were defeated by the Inglewood and Edmonton Club teams, but hope to stage a come-back in the return games.

The Inglewood Intermediate team was defeated by our team composed of Eytan Embury, Lois Murray, Maureen Hamilton, Jerry Mavor, and Marion Aikenhead.

The Senior Men's team with "Red" Cooper, Bob Adamson, Jim Cherrington, Bob Jroctor, and Ken Clarke, form a strong quintette, and should go far in the tournament.

Paul Campbell, T. Spencer, Bob Hind and George Henry are on the Intermediate team.

Golden Bears to Battle Raymond Jacks Tonight

Team Left Thursday Morning for Southern Towns

The Men's Senior Basketball team left Thursday for their tour of the south country this season. They play in Raymond on Friday and Saturday and in Lethbridge on Monday and Tuesday.

The schedule calls for each of the three teams in the south to play two games at Varsity, the first being Calgary, who plays up here one week from Friday, Jan. 15 and 16.

Last year in the series against the Calgary Moose Domers, Varsity won the series by a very slim margin. Each team won one game at Varsity, each game being won by the margin of one point. The second

game against Calgary went into three overtime periods, and was finally decided by Buzz Fenerty, who sank two free shots out of two just before the game ended.

Varsity won the third game in Calgary by 20 points and dropped the fourth game by four points.

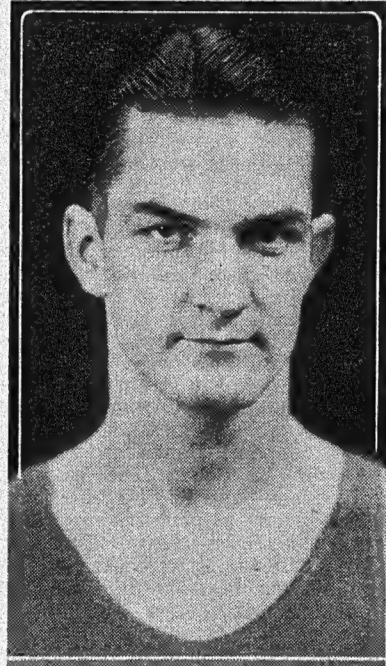
The team then continued on to Raymond, and put up a very creditable display, though losing the two games by a margin of 11 points.

When the team plays in Lethbridge on Monday they will be playing against two of their last year's teammates, Addie Donaldson and Mert Keel. While we feel their loss greatly, they are a real addition to the Lethbridge team, and can be counted on to put up a splendid exhibition.

The Varsity team will travel south ten men strong. It is definitely decided that Henderson, Wood, Richard, Anderson, Smith, Shipley, Malcolm, Cherrington, and the remaining two places will be filled by two of Rostrop, Moscovich, Shillington, and Kiewel.

Varsity is attempting to put over a tremendous undertaking in bringing up each of the teams from the south for two games. The team needs the co-operation of the whole student body at all the games, and really interesting games are assured.

GOOD LUCK, ARN!



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IN SUPPORT OF ARMAMENTS

We cannot longer endure these attacks on one of civilization's basic institutions, namely, international warfare, in silence. These feather-brains, calling themselves pacifists, who would throw overboard the whole structure of an art to which the best of man's brain-power has been devoted for countless ages, annoy us, enrage us. Have they no respect for years of patient toil, which have led us up, from the day the first arrow was poisoned to that glorious dawn, when poison gas was first released at Ypres? And they ask us to give up this art just when it is really beginning to mature into greater things after the stagnation of the Middle Ages.

We have for hundreds of years been handicapped by a silly barbarous code called chivalry; a savage taboo carried on from primitive times through the Middle Ages; a foul monster which almost strangled the infant War before it left the cradle! But the glorious Enlightenment of modern times was too much for this beast, and in the great exhibition of culture and refinement conducted between 1914 and 1918 we, the civilized nations of the world, wrenched this leech from its suffering victim and trod it into the dust. What a glorious victory for civilization, and our reward is to find War a thriving youth in shining armour, ever loyally at our elbow, ready to be of assistance at any time. To think that these perfidious pacifists would strike this new comrade of civilization down with the sandbag of disarmament. Such treachery is well-nigh inconceivable.

But this talk in analogy savours over-much of idealism somehow, and heaven forbid that our critics should call us idealistic. We refute any such contemplated accusation here and now; we deny having any ideals whatsoever, and avow that we are strictly practical and modern, and so to a more practical aspect.

First, these ridiculous criticisms of expenditure on armament, what better could we spend our money on than the upholding of the national honor and glorious traditions of—(country to be filled in according to the nationality of the reader)? Some critics suggest buying food for the unemployed. How foolish; the unemployed are willing to starve twenty times over rather than have the slightest suggestion of a blemish on our national honor. If they are not, then something is wrong with the propaganda of the local armament concerns.

On the other hand, look at the damnable waste of public funds on disarmament conferences. The price of the buildings these are held in alone would buy a cruiser for each of the nations who contributed. The expenses of sending a single student delegate to one of these conferences, and thousands go every year, would buy pistols for a machine gun section or a hundred litres of Lewisite

Gas. Can nothing be done to stop this cowardly squandering of funds, which should be spent in putting rifles in the hands of our warriors, and so maintaining our national prestige? Are we to go about hanging our heads in shame over the fact that we haven't half as many typhoid fever projectiles as our neighbor, so that we may send representatives to these perfidious affairs? Oh, my friends, much abuse has been heaped on the head of Sir Basil Zarahoff of late by enemies, but it cannot be said of him, be he an even fouler scoundrel than his enemies would name him, that he ever instigated or backed a disarmament conference. Even a rogue such as he is alleged to be, cannot be said to have associated himself with an enterprise which is eating like a cancer into the very root of our culture and refinement.

Secondly, we would deal with the training of youth for warfare. When one considers the scope of opportunity offered to young doctors, war, we cannot but deplore the lack of training given in civil life to such high enterprise. How many young men on the street today could take cover behind a hospital in the approved military manner, bomb a dressing station, or torpedo a hospital ship, not one in a thousand. For example, there are parents, in a rapidly diminishing number fortunately, who keep their children from seeing gangster and war movie shows on the ridiculous excuse that it is bad for the child's mind. Think of these poor children denied the opportunity of seeing men mowed down by gunfire even in a play! Their minds are never attuned in childhood to thoughts of a war-like nature, and unless some means is taken to prevent it they may be shocked at such a thought when it comes to them later in life. This shock often turns such ill-educated people into morons, and this general develops in them a pacifistic view of international affairs. However, fortunately most children fall under the influence of the charming little tales of heroism in battle printed in their grade school readers early in life. From there they are led by easy stages, gangster picture-shows, street parades of soldiers, newspaper stories of killing and robbery to a Right View on War. It is these right-minded, right-thinking individuals we look to for support. A word here to parents: you can do much to give your children the right slant by sending them to plenty of movies and reading them the stories of Horatius and Grenville and similar heroes. This, fortified by occasional trips to a slaughter-house, should be of great assistance.

And now, patriots, the question is before us: Shall we strike the death-blow to the basis of our civilization, the art of making war? Shall we revert to a primitive stage where bombing civilian women and children was a feat beyond the savage mind in its benighted ignorance? The world is watching us civilized nations. China, whom we have raised to a state where she can kill as many men in one battle as she did in a whole campaign before we took her by the hand and led her to the Light, is watching us. Can we fail her and them by not scotching the serpent of disarmament? No, patriots, a thousand times no!!

MESSRS. KRUPP SKODA ARMSTRONG.

We just can't get away from poetry. Here we go from bad to verse:

Mary had a little lamb
(The plot begins to thicken),
She sold it to the Tuck Shop cook,
And now they call it chicken.
Thanks, Toronto Varsity.

And here's the week's worst joke:
Co-ed—Where do you sit at the games?
Frosh—My seat is right on the fifty-yard line.
Co-ed—Goodness, doesn't the whitewash ruin your trousers?

Good-night, kiddies.

GENERAL SKATING, THURSDAY, 2 p.m., SEASON TICKETS ONLY.

In The Gateway

"Dr. Collip Shares the Nobel Prize.—Last week's news that Dr. J. R. McLeod, of the U. of Toronto, would divide his share of the Nobel Prize with Prof. J. B. Collip, of U. of A., was received with elation, not only in university circles, but throughout the province of Alberta." Since then the whole world has benefitted to a high degree by this discovery of insulin.

1923. "Junior Prom in Old Japan. Students Dance in Land of Cherry Blossoms. Highly Successful Function.—\$3.00."

We wonder when the tickets ran out that year. We are also pleased to notice that the decorations did not suffer by vandalism that year.

1923. "The members of the different year executives and the executives of all clubs and societies are asked to have their photos taken for the Evergreen and Gold before Dec. 15th."

We notice that the final date this year has been postponed a number of times, until it too is now set at Dec. 15th.

1923. "Entire Transport Narrowly Escaped Annihilation.—C.O.T.C. Victorious.—Despatches have just reached the city indicating that the C.O.T.C. took part in a terrific assault on White Mud Creek on the evening of Thursday, Dec. 6. Victory was achieved only after two hours of the most intensive, extensive and pretentious action; and although the casualties are not likely to be announced until after the Christmas tests, there are believed to have been only two dead soldiers. . . . As the hour of eight approached, the sobbing of the Pembina women became quieter, a look of grim determination settled on the faces of the warriors, and Col. Dunn, that hard-boiled veteran of many engagements, with tears in his eyes and voice shaking with emotion, gave the immortal command, "The

HEIL HITLER

By Glen Shortliffe

So much has been said and written about the above gentleman that it has become impossible to mention his name in any connection without contradicting somebody. There has been a sort of etiquette created to govern all statements about the German revolution, to the effect that those who have had the least contact with it and those who are least likely to be unprejudiced must be accepted as the most authoritative. Students of this University were recently treated to an address on the subject by a man who had not been in

Germany for three years. Following out this line of reasoning the present writer feels quite able to analyse the situation very clearly, for he has never been in Germany in his life.

What is the real fault with so many presentations of the spectacle of Germany? Perhaps it lies in too much attention to those features of the new movement which lie closest to the surface; by such tactics, it seems to me, we see only the necessary accompaniments of any revolution, without in any way being further enlightened as to the true meaning of the German "rebirth." Let us then discount the passionate utterances of such as Mr. Van Paasen—we were gluttoned on that during the war. Let us view such atrocities as there undoubtedly were as essential features of any social upheaval. Let us realize that for fifteen years German national psychology has bordered on the pathological, and then let us attempt to analyse what we have left.

In order to best achieve this purpose, we can be guided only by the statements of Herr Hitler himself in his cooler moments, and of those who understand Germany and the spirit which gave birth to the revolution, and who should, therefore, be in the best position to enlighten us as to the purpose and fundamental significance of "Nazi-ism."

As far as can be judged from the above sources, the National-Socialist revolution rests fundamentally upon economics. It seems basically to be a product of the economic crisis which preceded it. When a society is faced by a certain crisis arising out of a development into a period of social transition it has two alternatives. It can adjust itself to meet the new conditions which it has created, or, that is, save itself by creating new social forms, or, on the other hand, it can, through a great longing for the "good old days," attempt to find its way back to its former state, that is, attempt to abolish the new social conditions so as to make possible the retention of the old social forms. This latter attempt is represented in western democracy by those who, instead of altering society to meet the advent of machines, would scrap the machines to accommodate the dictates of a dying society.

Judged from this point of view, it seems to me we must classify the German revolution under this latter reactionary school of economic thought. There is undoubtedly running through its whole spirit a great longing for the days when the capitalistic machine was running smoothly, for the time before the Jews had begun their subtle "corruption" of German youth with Marxist doctrine, before the Reichstag had been filled with a myriad of squabbling political parties, each representing a special interest. We are dealing here less with a revolution than with the counter-revolution. Considered in this light, there is something pathetic about the whole "reawakening," in spite of its evident display of vigor and vitality at the present moment. This is, then, a great experiment which should demonstrate at last whether or not it is possible for men to move successfully backwards. We are dealing with the inevitable attitude of the man who, wearied and bewildered by the responsibilities of adulthood, seeks

POME

It's Better to Stay in Bed
Proverbs 27:14—He that blesseth his friend with a loud voice, rising early in the morning, it shall be counted a curse to him.

One of the things that needs damping and darning
Is the practice of waking me up in the morning.
I have no more use for early getter uppers
Than for litters of Irish setter puppies.
Who cares if the early bird catches the worm?
Personally I haven't any appetite for 'um.
I would like to go to Persia and run a Harem,
At least you wouldn't be bothered with the alarem.

Early to bed and early to rise
Leaves dark circles under your eyes,
Makes you healthy? Makes you wealthy?
Who gives a hang for lucre felthy?
Hasten friends, proceed to axe him

Who practices this vicious maxim.
Who uses up the shaving water
And thinks it is a loving matter.
Whose sole delight is to disturb
The innocent and sleepy cherub.

They think it is smart to get up when the rooster does,
But now that everybody isn't like he used to be
I think it would be good to begin our day
With a few ideas from the NRA.
—Ex.

battalion will advance in column of route from the right, A Company leading."

This reminds us of the days not so far distant when the very existence of the University was shaken to its roots by the communistic attacks on our halls and of the brilliant defense of Flue Lieutenant R. C. Procter against Komissar Krapsjutesky, the Soviet squadron head.

AN APOSTATE

By H. W. J.

I made a New Year's resolution to see good in everything, not to allow myself to ferret around continually for flaws in that which I behold or hear of, but to look leniently at whatsoever is performed or produced by human hands; and to marvel not at its manifest imperfections, but rather at its shining perfections.

I was induced to take this altogether irregular departure from Gateway tradition through the importunities of a lady acquaintance, who feared for the safety of my soul should I continue along the searing path of cynicism.

And to a large extent she is right. Cynicism never did a person any good.

True, it gives a bitter flavor to life that appeals to many palates. But on the whole the after-effects are disagreeable. It tends to make us misunderstood, puts us in wrong with our families and sweethearts, and generally plays havoc with our reputations among timid and conventionally minded souls, who, at least, have the sense not to discuss questions that admit of no definite conclusion. What is more, we expose ourselves to many of the criticisms we are levelling at other people. We cannot ask for quarter because we have given none.

Furthermore, I doubt if cynicism can be defended from the standpoint of pure logic. It, in far too many cases, rises from purely emotional causes—often ill-health, unfortunate experiences with bosses, fiancées, and bill collectors. It regards a matter from one angle only, without giving it an all-around examination. All evaluation is done in a bad light, with the certain result that the findings are unfavorable.

On the other hand, regard the beauties of the cult of optimism—always seeing the best features in all things.

Everybody likes a person who sheds the kindly light of understanding on their friends and acquaintances. These are the people who receive hordes of invitations to banquets, parties, receptions, etc., while our dismal Atlas of a pessimist stays at home reading his Schopenhauer.

Cheerful men and women usually take a more sane view of difficulties than chronic grouches. The former are willing to take a gamble on what the future may bring forth, whereas the latter fear to leave the daily rut in case they become embroiled in unforeseen troubles. Thus optimists often become college presidents, authors of note, and premiers, in a position to look down their noses at their pessimistic contemporaries who did not continue their enterprises at any cost.

Again, optimism is a marvellous sedative for anyone who has a dull, monotonous round to perform every day. In this class will be included the laborers and housewives of the world. These people, in the main, have a more loving faith in the essential goodness of the universe. Whether this attitude can be termed a virtue is open to question, but it must be admitted that its effects on the whole are very salutary. Where would our advanced thinkers be if there was not behind them a vast body of uncomplaining people satisfied with tried and tested conventions, moral standards, political and economic institutions? These are the people that make it possible for the even stream of life to flow through the centuries. They are the sound conservers of tradition, provide the stable jumping-off places for the flights of genius (for one can only be daring and different when others are custom-bound). It is their inarticulate search after the highest and immortal truths in the world of nature, and their quiet practice of the gen-

uine Christian virtues without analysing the why or the wherefore that makes human progress possible. Erratic and iconoclastic genius could not in itself produce social order.

Of course, this conservative tendency on the part of the great mass of the people makes it difficult for needed reforms to be made in as much as the people will resist a break with tradition. However, this habit will enable only essential innovations to be made. Hence the cries of original souls that there is no understanding in the world, forgetting in their fretting the equal necessity for retentivity and uniformity if their ideas are to receive a fair trial, once they have broken through the briars of popular obstruction.

Accordingly, half-fed, criticized into inferiority, feeling not a trail-breaker, but a pariah, these abnormal individuals, if they are strong enough, pour forth their separate contributions, and, in a few cases, if their handiwork meets with popular favor, they are granted a belated notice and the right to eat their peas in peace. This at a time when their school chums, who had had the sense to go into business, are lying back, gluttoned with the pleasures of the senses, proud possessors of estates and yachts, and presuming to inform meetings on such diversified subjects as tariffs, birth control, the art of giving, the virtues of capitalism, why the Russian experiment cannot succeed, and why they should be elected member of parliament for their constituency.

You will see that I have been driven off my course a ways, and, no doubt, you will wonder about the exact degree of my conversion to optimism. But wait! all good things have their limits.

What I actually mean is that everything or person should be considered as an entity, not as a member of a class that, by hearsay, has been pronounced to have certain characteristics, good or bad. Because a person is modest, or, shall I say, close-mouthed, it is no certain indication

(Continued on Page Six)

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TAURUS

TO THE NURSES.

If you have never seen our pretty nurses walking to and from the hospital with their smart uniforms and attractive military veils covered up by some worn-looking civilian coat or worst of all, by some gaily striped hockey sweater, then you have missed the Canadian counterpart of the poorly outfitted Army of Russian Women dressed in whatever the local commissar could not pass off on Moscowite peasants. Taurus does not blame them for not wearing their good clothes to and from their residences, because even the finest and most expensive civilian fur coat would look ridiculous when worn over one of those long aprons. But Taurus does blame the authorities for not providing long military capes for the girls. If they want to dress them as military nurses—and military nurses are the only ones who are permitted to wear the veil—why not go all the way and give them something like the regulation officer's cape which the nurses wore during the war. One must keep in mind that nurses hold the rank of lieutenant in war-time. St. Paul's Hospital, Vancouver, is right next door to the nurses' home, yet St. Paul's nurses present a very attractive and uniformly striking appearance in their navy blue military capes with smart stand-up collars. Surely our nurses would gladly provide themselves with the capes if the hospital would authorize the pattern.

EDWARD McCORMICK

PEMBINA PATH.

Taurus would suggest that a board sidewalk be built across the campus from Pembina to St. Joseph's College. The present path is much in use, and for that reason is all the more dangerous. To cross the campus on the slippery and tortuous ridges of packed snow and ice is to run the risk of either breaking an ankle or being pitched headlong into a snowbank. In its present condition the path is a disgrace to the University of Alberta. A board sidewalk could be easily kept clean of snow in the winter, while in the spring melting season it would keep thousands of feet from tearing up the soft, spongy lawn. In the summer season, the sidewalk could be taken up in sections and stored away until the following winter season.

DUMB WOMEN.

It is a popular misconception that all men demand dumbness in a girl companion. What could be more ridiculous? Yet many of the co-eds not only firmly believe in this theory, but religiously practice it. Probably the most thoroughly sickening type of woman is she of the dual personality. With girls she is a sweet, unaffected yet brilliantly intelligent and fully entertaining person who can carry on highly interesting conversation made attractive by wit and wisdom. This is her natural self, which is so charming because it is entirely under the control of that active brain which shows its unquestionable ability in academic success; with men she is a pseudo-sophisticated, wishy-washy sort of dumbbell whose pointless and boring conversation (if she can make any) is so painfully colorless and so inanely stupid that one wonders what sort of morose mannikin this imbecilical nit-wit is. She hides her true intellectual attainments and mental capabilities simply because she thinks that every man wants that strangling type of clinging vine which in reality is just so much poison ivy. She, poor misguided child, thinks that all men wish to admire their own image as reflected in the mirror of her adoring eyes. She should remember that the type of weak-minded sap who finds his personal pride bolstered up by the studied admiration of an hysterical school girl is just the type who publicly brags of his power to overcome her Kissic Resistance.

THE UNDERGRAD

Preparations are now under way for the Undergrad Dance, which is to be put on by the House Ec. Club.

Bowman's orchestra will supply the music for this function, which will take place on Feb. 2.

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BRITISH PLAYERS MAINTAIN STANDARD

This week at the Empire, the British Guild Players are in a sparkling and humorous mood. "The Adventurous Age," a comedy in three acts by Frederick Whitney, has the thin plot that many farces have, but the "treatment" (if one may use so ponderous a word for so gay a thing) is delightfully ludicrous. Hamish Melhuish, D.Sc., the solemn and ambitious Scot, who is studying "bugs" at London University, with his "aunties in Aberdeen" and his "beautiful knees" well exposed under his kilt, and his ruddy and amazed face, is an evening's entertainment in himself.

Mr. and Mrs. Rivers have both reached the adventurous age of 40 or thereabouts. Mrs. Rivers is going for a tour of "Algeria, Tunisia and Morocco" in search of a "romance." Her husband, with nothing to do but "three board meetings a year" and "a little golf," is ready to seek excitement, even dissipation, in a night club or two.

It happens, as it always does in comedies, that Barbara, their daughter, has invited her wonderful and serious Dr. Melhuish to lunch. The son Nicholas has asked his "wonderful person," Mavis Gore, to drop in too. Now, Mrs. Rivers is looking for "Romance," and a man in a kilt, who studies bugs and whose father was a Highland shepherd, should have possibilities — "strictly platonic of course." She monopolizes the dazed and bewildered doctor of science for the rest of the day to the annoyance — nay distraction — of Barbara.

Mr. Rivers has been even more successful with the famous etcher, Mavis Gore — to the annoyance, distraction and disgust of his son Nicholas. He will join her night club; she shall be his — er — niece, and — well, everything will be all right. The butler Hodder is called by Barbara and Nicholas to a council of war. His scheme to gently turn a key on the parents is doomed to failure, but not without merriment and final though indirect success.

David Clyde, who plays Hamish Melhuish, D.Sc., is a capable and unabashed comedian. His introduction to Barbara's parents and brother is a fleeting but great piece of comical acting. Gaby Fay plays Mrs. Rivers in a very convincing way. Her voice is delightful. James Mills, Winifred Nimo, David Loring, and Beth Hazelton are at their best, and that is good. The butler is played by Frank Vyvyan, and though a butler never has a chance, he is up to everything the parts demands or gives.

You can see this show today (Friday) or tomorrow. For a light and lightsome evening we commend it to you.

—L. M. D.

THE INQUIRING REPORTER

"Do you think examinations should be abolished?" was the timely query with which your Inquiring Reporter stalked his victims in the halls of the Arts building yesterday. After several timid souls had refused to be quoted on the matter, the following persons consented to speak for publication.

Here they are:

Don Fraser, Arts student: "I don't think so. What alternative is there for determining whether or not a student is making progress in his or her studies? Some students argue that when writing an exam they become nervous and cannot transcribe what they do know, but I have never experienced this difficulty personally. Also it is a pleasure to see a deserving student get a mark which corresponds to the effort which has been spent in preparation for the exam."

Paul Johnson, Engineering student: "Examinations must go. Why not have a contest to find an alternative method for determining the relative knowledge of class members? The winner would go down in history. Examinations are not a fair test of the amount of labor a scholar has spent absorbing some uninteresting stuff which will be valueless when he leaves this institution. The basis of this statement is that an examination candidate's ability to transcribe his thoughts to paper varies at different times and under different circumstances."

Bruce McRae, Engineering student: "If the professors who correct our efforts can stand it, I can. I think the examiners get the worst of the deal, because they must spend most of the holidays correcting our, in most cases, nonsensical answers to questions. I guess the reason for this benign sympathy for the 'profs' is due to the Solomon in me. Furthermore, examinations are a check on a student's progress."

DON CAMERON WILL ADDRESS STUDENTS

Don Cameron, recent winner of a Carnegie Scholarship for European study of Agriculture and Education, will speak to a joint meeting of the Agriculture Club and Field Crops Seminar on Monday, Jan. 15. Mr. Cameron is now directing the Department of Agricultural Extension, and is intensely interested in the subject of rural education and agricultural development.

Tea will be served in Room 143 Arts at 4:30, and the illustrated address will follow in Room 142.

Agriculture students are urged to attend.

SKATE EVERY WED. 8:30,
FRIDAY 8:30, SUN. 3 P.M.

ATTENTION, GRADUATES!

Diploma in Nursing:
Ames, Janet M.
Baxter, Margaret A.
Buk, Rose M.
Campbell, Edna R.
Gilbertson, Jean L.
Hill, Gladys T.
Horsley, Ruth E.
Lee, Dora M.
McLuhlan, Edith M.
Mitchell, Mildred M.
North, Velina T.
Scott, Helen E.
Shortill, Winnifred E.
Strachan, Mary M.
Thompson, Margaret E.
Vallance, Catherine S.
Wett, Esther W.

Diploma and H.S. Teacher's Certificate:
Allen, Arthur
Archibald, Harold W.
Argue, Dorothy F.
Baker, Elizabeth E.
Flewelling, Margaret D.
Forryan, Elizabeth
French, Nancy L.
Hardin, S. Julius
Harvie, Elizabeth E.
Keel, Merton H.
LeBlanc, Rene
Moi, George
Myers, Charles V.
Ripley, Margaret B.
Sheppy, John T.
Walker, Bernol E.
Walker, Mrs. Mary B.

B.Sc. in Arts:
Allen, Horace
Bilton, John A.
Davison, Arthur
Donaldson, Adam G.
Fraser, Norman H.
Hamilton, Alex. J.
Jones, Sydney C.
Procopis, Constantine G.
Singer, John M.
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Souch, John K.
Twomey, Arthur C.
Wallace, Ronald S.

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McArthur, Helen G. W.

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Hutton, Harry W.
Garcha, Hazara S.
Johnson, Stanley.
Magera, Fred
Woodford, Edwin K.
Yauch, Charles E.

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Ford, Kenneth R.
Gordon, Edward C.
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Browning, Dorothy M.

Diploma in Pharmacy:
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Anderson, Andrew C.
Boake, James R.
Campbell, William J.
Douglas, Arlie B.
Greenwood, Arthur E.
Large, R. Richard
Menzies, Robert C.
Ramsay, James G.
Steele, Milton R.
Winters, I. Robert
Bachelor of Commerce:
Barnes, Rolfe Leonard
Durno, John Wm.
Everest, Charles J.
Flynn, Bell B.
French, Morgan C.
Newell, Frances E.
Thomson, Osler M.
Wilson, Ralph H.

AN APOSTATE

(Continued from Page Five)

that he is a man of beautiful deeds which, for unexplained reasons, he has kept from rumor's ear. Indeed, he would be a most unusual individual, for most people allow their more decorous actions to escape into the open air, and act surprised if they are found out. This is only human.

This illustration is only one of a number that could be cited.

Finally, the supreme optimists of this vale of woe are women. One rarely hears of one of them committing suicide. If unfortunate in their love-affairs, they content themselves, quite often, with second best, or with lavender memories. They will "work their hands to the bone," if necessary, in order to possess the love of a worthless man, who is actuated merely by his lowest instincts. Women, it is, who preach the desirability of ambition, high ideals, the amenities of existence, romance, the higher aspects of the love of man for maid. Theirs is the practical coordination of fact and idealism. A common expression of this curious ability for wedding feeling with utility is the "home."

So, on the whole, it would seem that the spirit of optimism has its good points. Even though it lacks the dash and élan of cynicism, it has brightened and made worth-while many starved lives. If you are inclined to doubt this, look back at your child-hood—that gliding, sure progress of happy days.

Medicine:
Gardner, John S.
Sestrap, Leyda.

Dentistry:
MacDonald, Walter A.

B.A.:
Aylesworth, Nellie B.
Begg, William T.
Bell, Mary W.
Brown, Eira G. M.
Cameron, Donald R.
Cameron, Mrs. D. K.
Campbell, Lachlan M.
Colgrove, Kathleen
Fettes, Jean.
Goshko, Joanna T.
Graham, Dorothy H.
Harmon, Thomas R.
Hartledge, Mrs. M.
Harvey, John E.
Henderson, Jean C.
Hurtig, Abe
Ives, Kenneth H.
Johnston, Harvey W.
Leaver, Mrs. Mary
MacEachern, Charlotte S.
MacIver, Mary E.
MacKay, Gordon W.
MacLeod, Norman A.
MacMurchy, Jean E.
Margolis, Isadore
Mulligan, H. Varley
Pharis, Gwen
Polley, Magdalena L.
Rands, Ernest
Ross, Joseph D.
Sudre, Elizabeth M.
Thomas, Lewis G.
Thompson, Annie Grace
Wilkinson, Hazel G.

B.Sc. in H.Ec.:
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VARSITY GIRLS LOSE TO ESKIMOS

Varsity co-eds once more bowed in defeat before the fast, aggressive play of the Eskimos on Thursday night. The game, which started out well, proved a disappointment. After both teams had failed in frequent attempts to score, Marg Sutton was eventually successful in finishing off a nice combination play with a well-timed shot. Checking was hard and close, and at the end of the first quarter the low score of Varsity 9 to Eskimos 3 was registered.

From this point on the Eskimos led by Oliver, had almost complete control of the play. Varsity loosened up in their checking, and their combination plays ceased to click. Substitution was tried, but proved ineffectual in stemming the Eskimo attack. During this quarter the Eskimos netted 18 to the Co-eds' 7.

In the second half Varsity was even more outclassed.

Marg Clayton, although playing only a few minutes, was high scorer for Varsity with 7 points with Marg Sutton a close second with 6. For the Eskimos, Oliver and Wynnchuk were outstanding.

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